

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES. VOL. 34.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 1, 1896.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 4.

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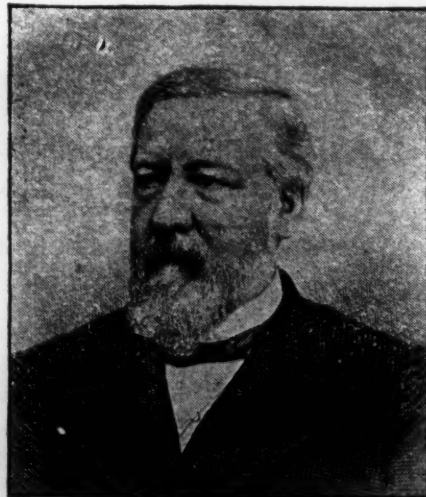
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THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME IV.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1896.

NUMBER 5.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all

these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

The mariner of old said to Neptune in a great tempest, "O God! Thou mayest save me if thou wilt and if thou wilt thou mayest destroy me; but whether or no, I will steer my rudder true."

MONTAIGNE.

The sympathies of many of our readers will go out in tender fellowship to Mrs. Emily Fifield of Boston, so well known and personally beloved by many of our readers in the West, in the recent death of her husband, Dr. William Fifield, a widely known, much-trusted physician of Boston, one who made his profession a ministry of reform and progress.

The Indian Messenger, published at Calcutta, in a recent issue, has an interesting article entitled, "James Martineau and Gen. Booth." It concludes by saying: "We find no reason why culture and enthusiasm, philosophy and madness, to use an expression of Keshub Chunder Sen, should not exist together. The Brahmo-Somaj seeks to combine both of them, and in that work it has been so far successful. May we never depart from that course." A prayer as good in America as in Asia.

Of the many gentlemen from the far East who came to the Parliament of Religions to prove to the Western world that it holds no monopoly on courtesy, intelligence, ethical earnestness or spiritual insight, no one brought with him a more persuasive personality or loving message than Mr. Dharmapala, Secretary of the Maha-Bodhi Society of Calcutta. Many of our readers will delight to learn that he is again within our borders. He arrived in Chicago only a few days ago and is the guest of Dr. Paul Carus at La Salle, Ill. Mr. Dharmapala is a devoted Buddhist and he gives his life to the teaching of that high gospel of gentleness and mercy. He brings with him the greet-

ings of Sir Edwin Arnold, Max Müller and Rhys Davids, whom he visited on the way.

This is the day of nonagenarians. We have frequently spoken in these columns of John S. Brown of Kansas, still active in the nineties. Within a year the nation honored the venerable Dr. Furness, and now the Universalist denomination mourns the death of Rev. Lucius Robinson Paige, who, on the 2nd inst., closed his earthly career after ninety-four years and nine months of living. He died at Cambridge, Mass., after a long life of usefulness. He attained eminence as a scholar and a helper of men to think and to do high things.

The Advance, speaking of Mr. Kent's sermon at All Souls Church, Chicago, says: "If it were not for the old adage that 'one swallow does not always mean summer,' we might consider this astonishing incident of an alderman in the pulpit, a sign of the millennium." The sermon of Mr. Kent is published in pamphlet form by the Publication Committee of All Souls Church, and will doubtless receive wide circulation. *The Advance*, further commenting upon Mr. Kent, speaks of him as "one having the courage of his convictions and not afraid to speak out in meeting."

The Ministers Institute, an organization of the Unitarian ministers, which holds its biennial meetings alternately with those of the National Unitarian Conference, convened September 29 to October 2, at Concord, Mass. Mr. Chadwick is president of the Institute. The program is divided into a Philosophical Day, in charge of Mr. Chadwick; a Biblical Day, in charge of Prof Toy; a Sociological Day, in charge of Mr. Slicer of Buffalo. Among the essayists are Dr. Everett, Mr. Fenn, Prof. Royce, S. J. Barrows, Henry D. Lloyd and others. Such a gathering means a season of high thought and earnest learning.

We have known for some time that it was coming, but we put off the evil day as long as possible, the day when we must spell "Judy" as follows, "Tschudy," but our contemporary, the *Christian Register*, has broken the ice and publicly announced the purpose of our old friend, Arthur M. Judy of Davenport, to renounce the familiar and attractive spelling in the interest of his ancestors, the famous Tschudys of Switzerland, they who stood high among the reformers. We like radicals and radicalism, but we are a little too conservative to relish this rather desperate digging up of the roots. The *Register* takes the change with more grace than we do, it being naturally more given to radicalism than we are, and says that "Mr. Judy will be as delightful by any other name." We simply bow to the inevitable. We will try and learn the new spelling. We have not yet learned whether the brother in Davenport intends

to ask us to reform our pronunciation also. When we learn the correct pronunciation we will try to give the phonetic interpretation of the same to our readers. Meanwhile, it will be sometime before Arthur M. Tschudy will be anything but the old familiar Arthur M. Judy. We are glad that he has Swiss roots, but we like the American well enough and are not sorry that at least one-half of him is pure and unadulterated United States.

Light Bearers in Dark Places.

The portrait of Booker T. Washington, found on our title page this week, and the startling facts presented by him in his article on "The Awakening of the Negro," in the September *Atlantic Monthly*, quickens the imagination until it pierces far into the spiritual realms and almost discovers what the real creating and recreating forces in the realms of morals and religion are. It is profitable to consider the unquestioned evidences of progress under difficulties in these days of gloomy forebodings and agitations based on pessimistic forecasts on the part of the orators in contending camps, providing the pending election should prove favorable to the other party. It is well for us to be reminded that honest mistakes cannot bring a disaster that is permanent and that ignorance itself is dispelled by the clear and persistent burning of a single light.

Richard Armstrong and his wife Clarissa went as missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands in 1831, where they labored faithfully for sixteen years among the dark-skinned Polynesians. At the end of this time the local government asked Mr. Armstrong to accept the position as minister of public instruction, which position he occupied for thirteen years, when death discharged him in the year 1861. During this time he had established five hundred Hawaiian free schools. In 1839 there was born into this missionary home a son, which they called Samuel. The first twenty-one years of his life were spent with this dusky race. Much of the time he went about with his father in canoes and on horseback, through valleys and over volcanic mountains, visiting schools. On the death of his father he came to the United States and studied under the great Mark Hopkins at Williams College. When the war broke out this boy from Hawaii became captain and then a major of a New York regiment. At the end of his first year's service, when the government, with halting steps, ventured to permit the colored man to strike for his own freedom, Major Armstrong became colonel of the Eighth Regiment of the United States colored troops, and for two and a half years he led them in active service, during this time, to use his own phrase, he noticed "how often they studied their spelling books under fire," and he was made to feel more and more that this people deserved at least as good a chance in life as any other. At the close of the war, Hampton was the base of supplies for an immense and ominous contraband camp. Three counties swarmed with dependents that were drawing regular rations from the government, amounting at one time to an unemployed army of thirty thousand restless, indolent and, of course, dangerous souls. Gen. Howard was Commissioner of the

Freedmen's Bureau. In March, 1866, he asked this gallant young Colonel Armstrong to take charge of the ten eastern counties of Virginia, with headquarters at Hampton, and apply himself to the contraband problem. It was a perplexing, doubtful and dangerous task. Heroic measures must be resorted to. In an unexpectedly short time he issued orders that after thirty days all rations would absolutely stop and, contrary to popular expectation North and South, no violence or serious trouble followed. The Colonel used to say, "the negro in a tight place is a genius."

At this time Mary Peake, a colored woman, the child of a slave, was teaching a little school in the old barracks at Hampton. This was the seed of the new civilization, the hope of the bewildered race. In April, 1868, with two teachers and fifteen pupils, under a special act from the assembly of Virginia, Colonel Armstrong started the Hampton Institute. From the start it was the training of the hand that mind might be disciplined; hoeing, planting, stitching, planing, work in wood and iron, work in field and forest, with the spelling book ever at hand. The school room and the shop were tied together. From that beginning in the dreary barracks in 1868, has grown the great institute which is now a village of itself, fifty buildings, including chapel, dormitories, workshops and the buildings necessary to run an extensive and successful farm. It is a community of a thousand souls, with a corps of eighty officers and instructors, sustained by an annual subscription of seventy-five thousand dollars of good-will offerings, augmented by government and state aids, which raises the annual expense to about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Virginia alone has two thousand colored schools largely managed by the graduates of this institution. All this work has sprung out of the forgotten enthusiasm of this chivalric knight of the nineteenth century, a man with a purpose, a scholar with zeal, a clear head, fed with a heart that was aglow. Of course it meant intense work, and the man died, as the world will say, "before his time." On New Year's Eve, 1890, just before the sounding of taps, he wrote in his memorandum book, "I wish to be buried in the school graveyard, among the students, where one of them would have been put had he died next. I wish no monument or fuss over my grave, only a single headstone, no text or sentiment inscribed, only my name and the date. I wish the simplest funeral service, without sermon or attempts at oratory, a soldier's funeral. I hope that there will be friends enough to see that the work of the school shall continue. Unless some shall make sacrifices for it it cannot go on."

The work did go on, and now another personality rises as a light-bearer. In the early days of the school, an unhappy colored boy from the interior, lured by a light from the East, picked his way toward Hampton, determined to get an education. Dissatisfied with the name entailed upon him by the servitude from which he had descended and escaped, he determined to throw it off and took instead the name most honored in the annals of America—Washington. At Richmond, being penniless, he stopped for a few days to heave coal for fifty cents a day, sleeping at night in an excavation

under the sidewalk. He arrived at Hampton with fifty cents in his pocket. He went immediately to work and worked his way through, graduating with honors. He caught the fire as well as the method of the great educator, Col. Armstrong, then went back to his own people to work for them, selecting the "black belt of Alabama" as his field. This black belt has become white with the light of progress and life which gathers around the name of Booker T. Washington, now a national name. He took up the work of his master and has carried it farther on than perhaps the master could have done. He has made the institution at Tuskegee exceed his alma mater in size and potency. Whatever remains of race prejudice and race cruelty in the South, Booker T. Washington has won the respect of the white man as well as the black, is an honored citizen in Alabama as everywhere, and what he has done others may do and can do. Prejudice, when not founded on fact, can be ameliorated and finally dissipated by excellence. Power will make its way and command respect.

Mr. Washington's work, as we learn from the article above alluded to, began in 1881 in a small shanty and church with one teacher and thirty students, without a dollar's worth of property. Now it is an institution of eight hundred students, gathered from nineteen states, with seventy-nine instructors, fourteen hundred acres of land, thirty buildings, a property valued at two hundred and eighty thousand dollars, twenty-five industries, the whole work carried on at a cost of about eighty thousand dollars. All but three of the buildings have been built by the students themselves. Here are brick yards, sawmills, foundries, blacksmith and wheelwright shops, classes in the domestic arts and in all the trades. Tuskegee has become the capital of a social state, with its conferences, mutual improvement societies, clubs and libraries, where nothing goes amiss, where all the forces of religion, education, commercial and industrial interests, are brought to bear upon the problems of living here and now. It is a question of a three room house instead of a one room hovel; of a small patch of ground paid for, versus a big farm under a mortgage; a question of two suits of clothes, one for Sunday and one for the working day, versus rags. Of the many places where help is needed we know of no place where it is less likely to hurt by misuse than here. Whatever the price of cotton may be, whatever the result of the coming election may be, silver or gold, the black belt of Alabama is bound to prosper, because the light is lit in that dark place and it is bound to shine.

"How far that little candle throws his beam,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

After this editorial had been written, while it was being prepared for the press, the following private letter to the editor has arrived. Though meant only for his private eye, hoping through him to reach the workers in All Souls Church, Chicago, who have for many years been interested in this work, we take the liberty of printing it in this connection as a better climax than the one we had reached above, and hoping further that it will move others to lend a hand in the good work:

"Dear Mr. Jones:—I thought you might like to call the attention of the ladies of your church to the fact that we can use to great advantage in our work here, clothing, new or old, for bed use or for wearing. Old shoes, no matter how much worn, help much. These can be repaired in our shops. Sheets and pillow cases are especially helpful. Of course our greatest need is for more money (\$50) a year to pay the tuition of our students, but such things as I have mentioned help also. Yours truly, Booker T. Washington.

"Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Ala., September 16, 1896."

Concerning the Liberal Congress.

(Continued.)

From Susan B. Anthony:

"Your letter with inclosures has been forwarded to me here in San Francisco. I am up to my ears in hard work in the Suffrage Amendment campaign here in California and do not expect to return East until this vote has been decided at the ballot box on November 3. I hope enough other women and men also will find time and heart to look after your liberal work, so that I shall not be missed. It certainly fills every thought and every moment with me to devise ways and means to carry forward the educational work in the direction of securing the ballot to the women of this nation. 'Justice' to women, 'reverence' to women, 'knowledge' to women—one-half the people of the world—give me about all the work I am equal to do. I know the liberals say if all the people would believe in liberal religion women would have their rights, but I prefer to work for them straight to getting them through any religious movement. * * * I hope that everything will work to your best understanding."

The Bubbles of Saki.

In sad, sweet cadence Persian Omar sings—
The life of man that lasts but for a day:
A phantom caravan that speeds away,
On to the chaos of insensate things.

"The eternal Saki from that bowl hath poured
Millions of bubbles like us, and shall pour."
A waft of mist on some far mountain crag—
A fleck of foam cast on an unknown shore.

"When you and I behind the veil are past,
O, but the long, long while the world shall last;
Which of our coming and departure heeds,
As the seven seas shall heed a pebble cast."

Ah, then, beloved, "fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears."
This is the only wisdom man can know,
"I come like water and like wind I go."

But tell me, Omar, hast thou said the whole?
If such the bubbles that fill Saki's bowl,
How great is Saki, whose lest whisper calls
Forth from the swirling mist a human soul?

Omar, one word of thine is but a breath,
A single cadence in thy perfect song,
And as its measures softly flow along,
A million syllables pass on to Death.

Shall this one word withdraw itself in scorn,
Because 'tis not thy first, nor last, nor all;
Because 'tis not the sole breath thou hast drawn,
Nor yet the sweetest word thy lips let fall?

I do rejoice that when of "Me and Thee"
Men talk no longer, yet not less but more
The eternal Saki still that bowl shall fill,
And ever stronger, purer bubbles pour.

A humble note in the Eternal Song,
The Perfect Singer hath made place for me;
And not one atom in the mighty throng
But shall be needful to Infinity.

—David Starr Jordan.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

What is Thought?

Thought is that filmy misty thing of grey,
That, formless, floats or hangs across our sky,
Till Nature sends her colors to array,
And deck, and shape this thing with grace to fly.
Then it soars forth—nor stops upon its way
With those who gave it birth—for it must hie
On its earthly mission; it cannot stay—
This gleaming thing of life, that will not die.

Thought is a flash of keen and wondrous light
That tears in twain our veil of dullest sense,
And through the rent we see the wrong—the right,
With hearts that cease to beat, with muscles tense.
Though swift and arrow-like, its aim is true
And pinions action close unto its course.
We struggle vainly, yet we all pursue
This bright ray that comes with heaven-sent force.

ELVIRA FLOYD FROEMECKE.

Hans Tambs Lyche in Norway.

We find the following account of work done by an Americanized Norwegian in a recent number of *The Inquirer*, London. Mr. Lyche is known to many of our readers. He came to America as an accomplished civil engineer, became interested in liberal thought through the preaching of Rev. Brooke Herford in Chicago, studied at Meadville, married an American wife, a classmate of his at Meadville, successfully preached for several years to Unitarian churches east and west, and then returned home to do missionary work with and for his people. The results our readers may judge from the following extracts from his own pen. *Editor.*

About three-and-a-half years ago I returned home from America (having spent twelve years there), and gave a few lectures on Unitarianism in the capital. I had good audiences and many of the daily papers reported the lectures sympathetically and quite fully. I was asked by many to start a church, and about eighty persons—among them two of our leading and well-known public men—sent me their names as being willing and anxious to join a church if such a one were attempted and formed. There is little doubt that it could thus have been started with 200 members. I had, however, accepted other work, which made it almost impossible for me to preach or lecture regularly, and in the meantime Kristofer Janson had also returned from America and settled down in Kristiania, after making a most successful lecturing tour through all our cities. He was anxious to start, and take charge of a church, and had his hands free to do so; hence I retired from the more active work to leave the field free to him.

Kristofer Janson is one of our well-known poets and writers—he has written a good portion of a future Norwegian liberal hymnal,—a most excellent lecturer and a fine preacher, and he has now a church with some one hundred to two hundred active members, and preaches every Sunday to four hundred—six hundred people. No outside help has been received or asked. The first Unitarian Church in Norway, as well as the entire movement, is self-supporting, and what is done is done without outside help of any sort. There is also a regular society in one of the smaller cities near Kristiania. Janson preaches regularly for it. He also preaches and lectures all through the neighborhood of the capital, and during vacations in different parts of the country. He also speaks frequently in societies and public meetings. There are several young Norwegian liberal ministers in America, for whom places ought to and could readily be opened here, and there are also, to my knowledge, at least a couple of young theologues from our state university who would jump at the chance of a pulpit in a Unitarian church.

We have also for one-and-a-half years had a Unitarian organ, a small fortnightly paper, *Frie Ord—Free Words*. It has had about 600 paying subscribers, and was edited by myself. Unfortunately we have temporarily lost this organ, as the publisher has changed his ideas and refused to go on with it any longer on the lines I laid out. As he

had sunk some money in it, and I could not afford to buy it, while he wished to keep it as an organ for his own new ideas—spiritism, Quakerism, etc.—I had to give it up and let him keep it. But that will be but a temporary loss, I hope.

To the movement must also be in part reckoned the *Review*, of which I have been the editor these three-and-a-half years—*Kringsjaa*,—a Norwegian adaptation of the *Review of Reviews*. It gives the better articles quite fully from other periodicals, and has contained much on modern religious views, liberal criticism, comparative religion, etc. Nothing is too radical to be thus rendered and reported. The magazine is quite popular, not least, I think, because of its religious articles and the religious views which, of course, lie behind its editorial matter. Of the latter each number contains a share,—often Unitarian sermons with “half” left out and the outward shape altered a little. It has also contained series of articles on the views, especially religious views, of Emerson, Carlyle, Browning and others. It is well known that the editor is a Unitarian heretic; it does not hinder the magazine being quite popular in State Church circles and among its ministers. I am not allowed to write directly in my own name on theological topics; these I used to leave for *Frie Ord*—as a sort of Bible class. I am also free to write in two of our leading dailies on any religious or theological topic I desire, in any way I please. I could do much work in that way, if I had the time, which I have not. Articles, for instance, on modern knowledge about the Bible, on comparative religion, would be gratefully received; also direct liberal “exhortations.” I have written there on Unitarianism several times, and have also prepared a few lectures on the Bible, miracles, Jesus, etc., and the religion of our poets, which I give as frequently as time permits, in and about the city. The field for work, the opportunities for it, seem infinite. If each day were of ten days’ length I could not do the work for which there is call and opportunity.

Though the organized results of three years’ work are but small compared with what they might easily have been had circumstances been a little different, yet I think it may be fairly said that the results so far are quite good. The two churches formed represent but the least part. Unitarianism is now quite generally known, and it is respected everywhere. It has made way without fostering bitterness. On the contrary, leading State Church men have repeatedly and publicly stated that their church has reason to be grateful to the Unitarians, because they have awakened it, that they can learn much from Unitarianism, and will try to. It may interest you to know that what they especially find worth having from Unitarianism is “earnestness and enthusiasm,” and also the sense of God’s presence in to-day’s life. Both *Frie Ord* and *Kringsjaa* have many ministers as subscribers and strong friends. I correspond with several and know several personally. They evidently like us. The fact is that they are grateful for any help toward making organized religion intellectually respected. They will forgive any heresies to him who only defends religion and Christianity broadly before the intellectual classes, and seeks to bridge the gulf which has existed here between religion and culture. I have lectured by invitation to the students of divinity at our National University—in their own organization—on Unitarianism, and I have spoken by request to our National Students’ Society—400-500 students—on religion from my standpoint. Björnstjerne Björnson on the other hand is much interested in the movement, and would willingly give a helping hand had we the right organization.

Last winter the State Church found it necessary, through its bishops in the capital, to arrange a course of lectures on questions of religion and theology. Their object was to counteract the pernicious Unitarian influence, to prevent all the people from running after Janson for information. But we had every reason to be satisfied with the lectures. To work at all, they had to be quite liberal and break entirely with our old stiff, petrified orthodoxy. They doubt-

less did good and formed an excellent introduction to better things.

Possibly the greatest work yet done by our liberal movement is the starting or quickening of a movement inside the State Church toward liberal orthodoxy and more earnest living and natural religion. We dare say that, if our movement ended to-morrow, it would still leave traces in our national life for a long time.

The movement has also shown itself as a counter-influence to the new loose tendencies in our literature. Small as it is, it is really, to-day, among our most advanced and educated classes, the banner-bearer of faith, character and religion in a very real fight with opposite tendencies. The State Church people recognize it as an ally and as a powerful ally here.

Unpurposed Proof.

If life worth while! A human cry:
And answered in his life alone
Who, lost in seeking others' weal,
Forgets to ask—why was I born?

Concord, Mass.

MARY PUTNAM GILMORE.

School Gardens.

The Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in its endeavors to stimulate a love for and a knowledge of flowers among children, has been successful to a marked degree. In November, 1895, a most satisfactory exhibit of Children's Herbariums was held in Boston, and prizes were awarded. Window gardening also has been encouraged, and some of the plants presented by the children have shown excellent care and study on the part of their owners. There have been established gardens in two of the yards of the public schools of Boston which have interested the pupils greatly, and early in the season of 1895 a successful attempt to introduce school garden work into the Swan School of Medford, a suburb of Boston, was made. The special aim of the School Garden and Herbarium Committee is to attract the children to the study of native plants, and pains are taken to interest both pupils and teachers in making a garden of wild plants. Their frequent visits to the woods to obtain roots showed their love for the work. The plan of using wild flowers alone, however, proved impracticable, owing to the size of the garden, and some cultivated plants were introduced to ornament the grounds and furnish ready working material. The result has been more than gratifying, and while the native plants have not been neglected, the cultivated flowers have been the means of enabling some of the children during the summer vacation season to contribute something toward the pleasure of invalids in the hospitals by sending flowers from the Swan School garden to the mission twice a week. Thus, they not only received pleasure themselves and gave pleasure to others, but were unconsciously instructed in humane principles. Nearly all the planting, except that of trees, was done by the children under the guidance of their teachers. In addition to the native flowering plants, 150 gladiolas bulbs, 100 tuberose bulbs, 125 pansy plants, 25 cannas, and 50 plants each of sweet-williams, hardy carnations, verbenas, and daisies were planted. Cryptogamous plants were represented by 28 species of hardy native ferns. The expenses of the garden have been met from appropriations by the School Garden Committee, and generous contributions from friends interested in seeing the experiment of school garden work tried in Medford. The educational value of such work is beyond question, and in some European countries is considered of sufficient importance to justify legal enactments establishing and providing for it as a necessary part of a school equipment. The garden of the George Putnam School in Roxbury has been established five years, and consequently it is farther advanced. In this garden are a few cultivated plants. They have not been named, but each native wild plant is properly tagged. The plants are not arranged in ornamental beds but more in lines, so as to make it easier for the fifty-six children to

study and examine them. Various classes in the school during the autumn studied composite flowers and the distribution of seeds, by means of the material obtained in the school garden and by visiting it. The pupils of the first class have studied fifteen species of ferns by means of pressed specimens, specimens brought in for the lessons, lantern slides of three kinds,—first, of the reproductive organs; second, of pressed specimens; third, of growing clumps in their native habitats, and lastly, by observing all the specimens growing in the school garden. They have studied them about six weeks, have drawn and studied all the minute parts, spores, sporangia, indusia, sori, pinules, pinnæ, rachis, stipe, general shapes, textures, and relative position of parts. Most of the drawing has been done on the board, off-hand, on call. Every pupil made a sheet of drawings of such characteristic parts as he chose; some of the drawings were colored, and the best were put on exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair. Every pupil at the end of his study wrote a composition on ferns. Not only do these gardens beautify school grounds and make the schools more attractive to the children, but they serve the purpose of supplying, close at hand, material for nature study of a diversified character. The plants and flowers attract a variety of birds and insects, so that the children, under the guidance of an intelligent teacher, may receive object lessons in natural history that they can get in no other way without great difficulty.

NOTE.—The above article from the *Lend a Hand* for September commends itself and it calls to our mind one conspicuous triumph in this direction in the West which it has been our purpose to note. The public school building in the village of Dodgeville, Wis., is happily situated near the heart of the village, with ample grounds. For many a year it was a dreary, dusty, ragged spot such as is too often witnessed. But some years ago the superintendent of the village schools inaugurated the garden idea. A little reluctant help from the board, much wisdom on the part of the superintendent, and a great deal of love, gratuitous labor on the part of the children have converted it into a beautiful park, well-kept lawn, attractive flower beds and growing shrubbery. It has been our privilege to watch the development of this park from year to year and note its growing beauty and the deepening pride which the citizens take in it. Doubtless there are other school grounds in the West similarly handled, but it is safe to say they are very few and far between. Why not see to it, reader, that the school grounds in your own district, village or city next spring will be put "under cultivation," a happy farmer phrase, and converted thereby into a thing of beauty as well as an educating and civilizing force?

The Infinite Life of Man.

Life is a great gift; the soul has vast capacities. What great things then ought we to be doing! We realize from these monumental deeds and historic characters what life can be. We see that there is something better than ignorance, appetite, and material glory. We comprehend the dignity of our station as men, and feel the presence of a solemn responsibility. These achievements of our brothers clothe the hour with large significance and powerful inspiration. This greatness of man means that there are sunny heights which we ought to reach by toil, self-denial and noble enthusiasm. There is a diviner method of life to which many of us have not attained. This infinite greatness of man means that we are living with too low an aim and in too trifling a spirit; that we must shake off the indolence and selfishness which tarnish and deaden our better nature; that the sin which we have harbored must be uprooted lest it destroy our peace and hinder our progress and hurt our neighbor. This infinite life of man means that we must do more to perfect our nature, that we must better improve those privileges which a long line of benefactors have won for us. Our human nature is too great to be neglected and too sacred to be corrupted. * * * * The greatness of man does not lie in his isolation from nature, but in the fact that he is the representative of nature infinities, and also in the fact that the very universe reports itself in him. The growth and influence

of countless ages register themselves in his being. Stars and atmospheric tides, the heats of passion and the frosts of calamity have worked to mould and temper his nature to finest form and noblest quality. Every element in the universe has participated in his education and left its deposit in his being. * * * * Scientists I honor as servants of the living God; the scientific spirit I value as the only proper mood for the discovery of truth; scientific discoveries I prize as infinite helps to a genuine piety of the whole being. But there is a vast chasm which even scientists can not cross: Accept, if you please, the mechanical theory of the constitution of the universe and all that lies within it. Imagine its primordial unit, the atom, carried to and fro, combined in all possible ways, placed in whatever environment—the thing that science describes as an atom can never have an experience. But the human soul has a personal experience, infinite in range and variety. And between the atom and the soul lies this element of experience, which places an absolute and infinite difference between the two, and this fact makes it impossible to account for man upon any merely mechanical theory of nature, and equally impossible to classify atomic movements and human thoughts together as identities. And this distinction even science is making clearer every day.

So that, after all, it is only a superficial view of these discoveries which finds in them loss and despair. Truly and completely understood, they are not destructive, but illustrative and demonstrative of the greatness of man. What man is to-day in genius and character, cannot be changed by any discovery respecting the method of his becoming. Jesus cannot be degraded by any newly-found fact respecting the coarseness of the primeval man. On the other hand, the savage is exalted by this realization in Jesus of the divine possibilities enfolded in his nature. In the light of historic truth, the savage comes into view as God's first step toward the divinity of Jesus, and we must bow more reverently when we recognize that the making of a Nazarene is there!—*From a sermon delivered before the "Society of Woodmen" at Helena, Mont., by Rev. J. H. Crooker.*

Walking Upon the Water.

"One day, a certain upasaka having entertained a desire to visit the Buddha at Jetawana Vihara, wended his way thither. He came to the banks of a river Achirawati (a tributary of the river Ganges), and could not pass over to the other side for want of a bridge. He could not find any boatman to convey him over, and in that predicament he resolved within himself thus: 'I shall now abide myself in the joy of Buddha Lambana' (exercise of faith and contemplation on the person and virtues of the Buddha), and in that ecstasy he stepped into the river, where he found himself secure as resting his feet on a firm slab of granite. When he had walked on to about the middle of the stream, seeing high waves proceeding from either of the banks, his heart gave way slightly, and then he began gradually to sink. Seeing that the cause lay in the want of steadfast faith, he again redoubled his mental effort of the joy of Buddha Lambana, and then he could proceed on as before. Having reached the other bank, he walked steadily on where the Blessed One was."—*Buddhist Jataka story published in The Open Court.*

"Time's Twilight is the Dawn Eternal."

Time's twilight is the dawn eternal,
And sorrows are unripened joys;
And death is but the love maternal,
That from her darling takes the toys.

And from the clothes its limbs releases,
And wipes the foolish eyes that weep,
And tenderly its thirst appeases,
And croons the little one asleep.

GOTTFRIED E. HULT.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Without sorrow life glares. It has no half-tones nor merciful shadows.

MON.—Most of us are beset by loving cares of toil, care, responsibility and quiet duties, which we must recognize, heed, obey.

TUES.—How do we know but that the interruption we snarl at is the most blessed thing that has come to us in long days?

WED.—To take life "as God gives it, not as we want it," and then make the best of it, is the hard lesson that life puts before the human soul to learn.

THURS.—All blessings are in the way of him who, forgetful of self, tries to be helpful to the world, and who spends his life in loving deeds.

FRI.—If we do not do the work we were meant to do, it will forever remain undone.

SAT.—The life that has not known and accepted sorrow is strangely crude and untaught.

—Anna Robertson Brown, "What is Worth While?"

If.

If I were little Sweet-Pea,
With my wings on, seems to me,
I never would wait
Out there so late
For someone to gather me;
But soon as the day was through,
And the stars swam in the blue,
I would give a shake
Of my wings, and I'd take
All my brothers and sisters, too,
And up and away I'd fly,
Oh, straight and swift and high!

And I'd go—I think I'd go
Where the lovely star-worlds grow,
In rows and squares
And rings and pairs;
All pink and purple and snow,
We'd throng the aisles of the sky,
My millions of mates, and I!
And the star-folk would gaze
In great amaze
As we'd float and flutter by;
And they'd watch to see us alight
In clouds of crimson and white.

In flocks of purple and pink
We would light on a star, I think;
The yellowest one—
And the folk would all run,
And bring us a star-dew to drink.
And they'd all begin to cry,
Now How? and Whence? and Why?
And Whither? and Who?
And What are you?
In a way to make one sigh;
And they'd ask of all they'd meet
What made the sky so sweet?

But we never would tell our name
Till the little star-children came
With their Ahs! and Ohs!
For I suppose
They're in stars and earth the same.

Then each one we would answer clear,
"Why, we are Earth-flowers, dear!
We are just Sweet-Peas,
All these—and these!
And we've come to visit here;
And the earth looks so far and so black,
Perhaps we will never go back."

—Clara Waterman Bronson, in the Transcript.

Egyptian Schools.

The boys go to school when quite young, but their school-rooms are a great contrast to those of other countries. We entered one of the colleges through a large courtyard, filled with rubbish and piles of broken stone, on which were lying many of the students asleep in the sun. We worked our way along through this yard until we came to an old building that looked like a church. There was a very large entrance or doorway, but, instead of a door, we found ourselves in front of a very heavy curtain made of rugs. Our guide pushed it aside, and we entered an immense room that was so dark that at first we could not distinguish anything. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we saw that the room was larger than most churches, that the ceiling was supported by stone columns, and that the floor was covered with very thick rugs, on which were seated many groups of men and boys. A keen, black-eyed man, with a long black beard, and wearing a thick turban of white muslin, sat in the center of each group, and sometimes helped the memory of the pupils by the use of a stick, or a blow with his hand.

Some of the boys were bending over metal writing tablets which they used on their laps; but most of them were swaying back and forth, and reciting in loud terms verses from the Koran. The boys are obliged to learn the Koran, which is their Bible; and they begin by learning the first chapter, then the next to the last, and so backward until they reach the second chapter.

The language is very difficult, and the masters do not explain it to the boys; but it is one of the laws of their religion that they must know the Koran by heart.

We were pleased to see that the boys looked cheerful, in spite of their dull work; and we noticed that they raised their voices and shouted louder than usual when visitors were listening to them. It was interesting to see them in their churches; for they were never disturbed by visitors, and observed all the forms and ceremonies with great care.

They are taught to consider their churches as holy ground, and when a boy reaches the door of a mosque, which is his church, he takes off his slippers, leaves them outside, and walks in his stocking-feet, though occasionally a boy carries his slippers in his hand.

If he is barefooted, he washes his feet at the fountain which is outside of the mosque. There are no pews in the mosque, but the floors have many rugs, and the boys kneel on the rugs and turn their faces toward Mecca. If the boys go to the mosque during the week, they repeat a certain number of prayers, sometimes counting them on a rosary, and then leave the building, put on their slippers, and run away. But if they go to the Sunday service, they join with hundreds of men, and they repeat the prayers in loud tones; and sometimes they listen to sermons, and reading from the Koran by one of their priests.

They take many postures when at their prayers. Sometimes they pray while standing; then they lie on the floor with their faces in their hands, or touch the floor with their foreheads; or, they sway back and forth, while on their knees, repeating the name of "Allah," which means "God."—*S. S. Times.*

A Baby I Know.

God's angel was bidden to make her fair,
So he wove the sunshine into her hair;
He took of the mid-noon's cloudless skies,
And fashioned therefrom her two blue eyes,
He washed her white with the sinless snows,
And painted her cheeks with the dawn's faint rose;
He dimpled her tiny hands and feet;
He made her sunny, and soft and sweet;
He moulded her round white limbs with art;
He got her from heaven a pure child-heart.
Then he kissed her lips, and her brow and eyes,
And brought her, sleeping, from paradise.
Such virtue lies in those kisses three,
That, how so weary at heart are we,
The look and the smile on our baby's face
Brings rest and comfort and endless grace.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

She was Comforted.

The New York *Tribune* of recent date tells the story of a little girl of four, who, with her nurse, was walking at the seaside. They came to an inlet, and the nurse decided to row across, believing that by rowing across she shortened the walk home. When the boat reached the opposite shore, she put the child ashore, believing she was but a short distance from home, and rowed the borrowed boat back. The distance was short, but very rough and difficult for a little girl of four. She struggled on through the coarse grass and sand, climbing hillocks and walking through depths. At last her mother saw her coming and hurried to meet her. She exclaimed, "Were you frightened, my sweet?" "I felt very lost," was the reply, "but I sang 'Lead, kindly, Light' to myself all the way."

Intelligent Ducks.

The American eider duck is by gunners generally considered very stupid. In summer, when the Icelanders rob the nest of the soft down lining to fill their ticks and pillow-cases, the ducks pluck themselves again and again to reline the nest, without ever a thought, apparently, of building in some new and inaccessible place. In winter they come to decoys readily along the New England coast, seldom learning to distrust the painted things, often swimming up and pecking at them.

But they have made one remarkable discovery. One day I saw two shoal ducks—as the eiders are called by hunters—swimming about in a large pond. That was curious in itself, for eiders are supposed never to venture into fresh water. Watching them awhile, I noticed them dipping their heads under water, and keeping them there a minute or more at a time. That was curious, too, for the water was too deep for feeding, and the shoal duck never catches its food like a sheldrake.

A few weeks later, however, there was another eider in the same pond and acting in the same way. Thinking that perhaps it was a wounded bird, I pushed out after him; but he took wing on my approach, and after a vigorous flight alighted farther down the pond.

Thoroughly curious, I went on a still hunt after the stranger, and after considerable difficulty succeeded in shooting him from the end of a bushy point. The only unusual thing about him was that a large mussel, such as grow on the rocks in salt water, had closed its shell firmly on the bird's tongue.

I asked an old fisherman and hunter that night if he had ever seen a shoal duck in fresh water. He had seen them there once or twice. "They keep a-dippin' their heads," he said. Then I told him about the one I had just shot, and the mussel.

"Well, now, that cur'ous!" he exclaimed, pulling thoughtfully at his pipe. "Them 'ere mussels won't live in fresh water."

This, then, was the explanation. The eiders about the inland feed largely on mussels, which cover the rocks of the jetties, and which are left exposed as the tide goes out.

Occasionally, as a mussel is being swallowed, it snaps its shell together, and catches the duck's tongue in such a way that the shell can neither be broken against the rocks nor crushed in the bird's bill. Once fastened, no effort on the bird's part can dislodge it till it dies, or is minded to let go.

Whenever an eider finds himself so caught, he takes wing and flies inland to fresh water, if the ponds are open; or perhaps finds the mouth of a spring or creek. There he plunges the tenacious little torment under water and holds it so until the moisture penetrates to the soft body. We can imagine the mussel opening its shell in a kind of gasp at its strange surroundings, only to be shaken off in a twinkling by its canny captor.

Now the curious question, on which even my old fisherman could throw no light, is this: How did a bird that lives only in salt water discover the peculiar properties of the ponds? Where did he first learn how to make the tormenting mussel let go?—*Youth's Companion.*

Flowers Invisible.

She'd watched the rose-trees how they grew
With green hands full of flowers;
Such flowers made their hands sweet, she knew,
But tenderness made ours.

So now, o'er fevered brow and eyes
Two small cold palms she closes.
"Thanks, darling!" "Oh, mamma," she cries,
"Are my hands full of roses?" —*Exchange.*

Books and Authors.

Syria From the Saddle.¹

Mr Terhune has given in this book a lively, we had almost said a racy, picture of a portion of that country which "lies east of the Suez and the Ten Commandments." He has taken a snap shot at every object coming within range from the Oriental beggar to the Garden of Gethsemane. What he did not see must have been little worth seeing.

His book is dedicated to his fellow-wanderer in many lands, his mother ("Marion Harland"), and it has many claims to distinction. It is useful to readers of THE NEW UNITY for the light it throws upon the causes that have raised the Armenian question. Mr. Terhune says in his introductory note: "On reviewing parts of the record in the light of late eastern events, an incident of my stay in Jerusalem recurs to me with a significance I did not perceive at the time." And while making no pretension to scholarship, the book is something more than a mere story of a "desultory sojourn in a land where the most careless wanderer must feel that he is treading on holy ground." Mr. Terhune has treated most reverently religious subjects and associations, not always an easy task where "foolish and priestly traditions surround every landmark of the country." The cities of Beirut and Damascus were first visited, the former just at the time when a lot of Syrians returned from the World's Fair. The descriptions are not edifying, but may be read at a distance with some degree of composure. It is gratifying to learn that the "World's Fair Syrian dances are never danced in Syria itself;" but one is the more curious to know their origin, or to understand the natives' familiarity with them.

Jerusalem is now a city whose every feature is "so changed and degraded that only at night is it fair to look upon; but Calvary and Gethsemane have been overlooked by all invaders." And Bethany is a village with "two score flat-roofed mud huts swarming with vermin, squalor and filth," with an "utter lack of all natural or architectural beauty," and a horde of ragged, ophthalmic natives and half-clad children," that suggest anything rather than the "sequestered spot where our Lord, wearied by His earthly labors, came for rest."

Some Modern Substitutes for Christianity.²

The "substitutes" referred to are Theosophy, Christian Science, Spiritualism, Socialism, Agnosticism. Notwithstanding the forced antagonism, the violent logic that arraigns these "substitutes" against a definite and distinct something called "Christianity," this little book is a helpful one and will do good, not because its reasonings are always fair, not because the preacher utterly forgets that he is appropriating the word "Christianity" to his own special understanding of Christianity and that he is making that definite which in the nature of things is tentative, elusive and too large for lines, but because there is need of clear thinking and simple analysis on the questions involved. Dr. Shinn has tried to be fair, indeed he has stated the case for these "substitutes" more satisfactorily than he has stated the case for "Christianity," as it seems to us. He follows Theosophy into its mystic thought of deity, the Mahatmas, the Reincarnation, etc. He allows Mrs. Eddy to state her claim in her own words and then ventures to say that "this teaching is absolutely antagonistic to all the learning of the day so far as the study of the physical sciences goes. If there is no matter, why study Botany? The leaves of the flowers you would analyze are but

phantoms, not real. Why study Astronomy? Those distant orbs have no existence if there is no matter; they but seem to be there in the heavens." In his word concerning agnosticism the Doctor commits the mistake made by others of ascribing to Dr. Momerie Mr. Savage's exquisite lines which we have published several times concerning the "fishes who sought the waters and the bird who wanted to find the air." This little book does not profess to be exhaustive or scholarly. What it claims to do it has done well. It is a sample of what many others might well attempt in the interest of clear thought.

Bryce's Penny Series of Worthy Books.

If the fame of a book is to be determined by the cheapness with which it is offered to the public, "The Faith That Makes Faithful" has well-nigh reached eminence. Some years ago it will be remembered that David Bryce & Son of Glasgow, Scotland, issued this book under the editing of Lady Aberdeen, in two very pretty little volumes, putting the sermons of Mr. Gannett and Mr. Jones into different volumes, to each of which books Lady Aberdeen wrote an introduction. Recently the same house has put out the books in a cheap form, forming the first two volumes in a "Penny Series." Typographically, the little pamphlets are a marvel of good printing to the American eye, considering the price. The type is large and clear; the paper, though light, firm and excellent in tone. The series so far contains three books, viz.: 1. "Blessed Be Drudgery," by W. C. Gannett, with preface by the Countess of Aberdeen; 2. "Faithfulness," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, with preface by the Countess of Aberdeen; 3. "Golden Thoughts," by Thomas à Kempis, selected by D. M. Lindsay. The following is the preface to Mr. Gannett's pamphlet, entitled "BLESSED BE DRUDGERY" and other papers. Next week we will print the preface to the companion volume by Mr. Jones, entitled "FAITHFULNESS."

"To all of us there comes times when we are out of heart with ourselves, and with all that goes to make up our lives. Constant worry, endless toil, perpetual disappointments, seem then to be our lot; we feel ourselves unable to cope with the evil without and within, and our belief in the 'Love which walketh in Mystery' becomes weak and faint. We are, perchance, looking back to times when we dreamt how we, too, might

"Join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence, live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self;
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence, urge man's search
To vaster issues."

"And our ideals may seem dead and faded beyond our reach. The following chapters will teach us, if even that be so, how we may 'idealize the Real,' how our Drudgery may become our Blessing, how the Failures, the Burdens, the Temptations, which we are lamenting, may prove our best Friends on the upward way. A magician's wand is put in our hands, and if we will but consent to use it, we shall see everywhere about us, in that lot which seemed so dark but a little while ago, gems and treasures inestimable, which only wait to be ours by our use of them. The ennobling influences of powers lying dormant, it may be, in our friendships; the strength, the endurance, the self-sacrifice flowing from true love and tenderness and thought for others; the steadfast loyalty to all that is highest and holiest which is begotten by faithfulness to common duty; the peace of God passing all understanding, which garbisons the hearts and the lives of those who through life and death cling to the Truth as it is revealed to them by the Spirit of Christ; these are the angels shown to us as hovering about the path which once appeared to us so full of thorns. We cannot read this book without feeling that such angels are not far from every one of our lives, however outwardly poor and small and narrow these may

¹ Syria from the Saddle. By Albert Payson Terhune. Silver, Burdett & Co. Illustrated, cloth, gilt top, 317 pages. \$1.50.

² Some Modern Substitutes for Christianity. By George Wolf Shinn, D. D., Rector of Grace Church, Newton, Mass. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 25 cents.

(For Books Received see page 76.)

seem. And we must, therefore, rejoice that it is destined to exercise its ministry of high thought and helpful stimulus on this side of the Atlantic, as well as on that to which it owes its birth."

ISABEL ABERDEEN.

Bordighera, March, 1890.

Briefs By E. P. P.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS succeeded at once in becoming an important factor as a record of current history. This was so largely true that I presume that the bulk of its subscribers hold the magazine of chief importance from an historical standpoint. No other magazine in this country or any other ever held a similar position. But we have now to add, as number after number comes from the press, that no other magazine in America has proved so capable of assuming and sustaining a just and unbiased relation to political issues; while at the same time it is positive and even aggressive in its views. A most admirable illustration of this is seen in its review of the speech of Mr. Bryan in New York City. Albert Shaw, the editor, is a man whose life has been devoted to reform and progress; and probably no other man in America is so well qualified to establish and sustain a magazine such as we have described. There are many articles to which we cannot give hearty accord; but not one concerning which we cannot say it is an effort to present the question at issue honorably, fairly and thoroughly.

In magazine literature it is a long stride from the old *Knickerbocker* to the living *Century*. All along the way magazines of more or less value have risen and fallen. There is this peculiarity about the *Century* that it has successfully aimed to retain the best features of its predecessors, while advancing with the evolution of literary taste. It is possible to discuss the heredity of literature; and to find the flavor of the *Knickerbocker*, the nationalism of Putnam, the classical finish of a half-dozen short-lived but ambitious successors of Putnam, as well as the critical ability of the *Atlantic* all preserved in the *Century*. We welcome it with a peculiar satisfaction month by month.

And yet, and yet, with all achievements in magazine literature we have literally no rival of the great English reviews. The scholar of human life and thought is obliged to turn to *The Nineteenth Century*, *The Fortnightly*, and the *Contemporary* for thorough discussion of great political and social questions. We cannot get on without them if we care to be in sympathy with our age. The effect of American current literature, if used alone, is narrowing. It is, however, American enterprise that places on our table these great English periodicals at half the cost to English subscribers. The republication by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company of New York are contemporaneous with the appearance of the reviews in Europe.

The publications of the American Economic Association, issued by The Macmillan Company of New York, have reached the eleventh volume. Numbers 1, 2 and 3 are entitled "Race Traits and Tendencies of the American Negro," by Frederick L. Hoffman, F. S. S., Statistician to the Prudential Insurance Company of America. I could tell a most interesting story of the author, dating back to the time when my friend Roche hung the anarchists in Chicago. But that I will withhold. The volume before us is a most capital resumé of investigations extending over many years and involving a large amount of calculation and statistical quotations. Some of these have been published in the *Arena* and in the *Medical News*. Others have never previously been laid before the public. It is a thorough discussion of the condition, tendencies, and prospects of the negro in the United States, giving us a vast amount of information bearing upon the negro problem. A key to his conclusions may be found in the following paragraph:

"Instead of making the race more independent, modern educational and philanthropic efforts have succeeded in making it even more dependent on the white race at the

present time than it was previous to emancipation. It remains to be seen how far a knowledge of the facts about its own diminishing vitality, low state of morality and economic efficiency will stimulate the race in adopting a higher standard. Unless a change takes place, a change that will strike at the fundamental errors that underlie the conduct of the higher races toward the lower, gradual extinction is only a question of time."

Health and Manhood.

On my table lie four neat and beautiful books. Handsome to look at but better to study and enjoy. Their titles are: *Hygienic Treatment of Consumption; Eating for Strength; and Chastity*; all by Dr. M. L. Holbrook; with these, *Youth, Its Care and Culture*, by J. Mortimer Granville, an English book with American notes and additions. When I first received these books I supposed them to be like so many others written about health and food intended to defend an endless list of hobbies. But the fact is they are four absolutely invaluable books for the family and the individual. Whether one be at all prone to consumption or not he will find the volume, "Hygienic Treatment of Consumption" full of helpful matter. The chapter on "Sunbath," the chapter on "Physical Forces," on the "Open Air, Rest and Light Cure," and that on "Preventing Cold" I select as the ablest and most practical and useful discussions of hygienic affairs that I have ever read. If anyone wishes a book on cooking and food and diet in general, with several hundred receipts for wholesome foods and drinks, let him buy "Eating for Strength." There is not a superabundant line in the book. A volume just fitted for boys and girls is that on "Youth, Its Care and Culture." Someone recently wrote me for a volume to teach boy manhood; and here it is. The volume discussing chastity should become a text-book in our institutes of learning. Dr. Holbrook's work has been conducted so modestly that it is not half appreciated. He publishes the *Journal of Hygiene*, now in its forty-sixth volume, a thoroughly common sense monthly.

All the above volumes can be had of the editor and publisher, Dr. M. L. Holbrook, 46 E. Twenty-first street, New York City.

E. P. P.

The New World. The September number of this quarterly is one of great attractiveness. Josiah Royce's "Browning's Theism," Charles F. Dole's "The Christo Centric Theology" and E. H. Hall's "Renan After Thirty Years," are the articles that first attract attention, but J. T. Bixby's "Jainism and Its Founder," and Chadwick's notice of Morse's "Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes," and Estlin Carpenter's "Reviews of Buddhism in Translation by Warren, and Rhys David's last book on Buddhism, hold the attention of the thoughtful reader. Altogether the nine articles and some two dozen carefully prepared book reviews make a mass of thoughtful, progressive scholarship seldom found within the covers of one publication.

Prof. Mendenhall is to answer Herbert Spencer's attack on the metric system and the opening article will appear in Appleton's *Popular Science Monthly* for October.

The *Philistine* for September contains an article on Westminster Abbey from the pen of Dean Farrar.

The article of George Willis Cooke on "The Institutional Church," published in the August *New England Magazine*, already alluded to, has been reprinted in pamphlet form and can be obtained through the office of THE NEW UNITY, at ten cents per copy. The article is profusely illustrated, showing the buildings, rooms and pastors of Plymouth Church, Indianapolis; All Souls Church, Chicago; Berkeley Temple of Boston; St. George's Church, New York City; St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City; the Jersey City Tabernacle, etc. The article is interesting as showing what has already been accomplished, but most valuable as a preface of what is to come and one way in which religion is to apply itself.

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CHICAGO.—The Federated Woman's Club occupying three well-appointed apartments in the "Roanoke" at 465 and 467 Bowen avenue, Chicago, is a band of busy girls and women who have associated themselves together for mutual benefit, and to make a congenial home life to be enjoyed after the activities of the day are over. On Monday evening the 21st, the first of a series of fortnightly entertainments was given in the parlors, which were well filled with friends and associate members of the club. Prof. George A. Vinton talked on "The Art of Expression." He complained that elocution as it is ordinarily taught in the schools, not only fails to give the child any adequate impression of literature, but often gave an absolutely false one. As an illustration in point he gave the usual bombastic rendering of the average schoolboy of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," which is really very absurd when we look for the real thought of the author. Tennyson was speaking for England who mourned the loss of her brave men. And when the mind becomes thoroughly imbued with this thought, it finds expression through the voice, gesture, and words, producing a very pathetic poem which one feels instinctively is what the poet meant. If teachers would adopt this method more than they do, the child might learn to appreciate and realize the real thought in literature to the extent of the pieces they learn at least. The next entertainment is announced on the program for October 5 as a musical and social.

BOSTON.—The Second Church, Copley Square. During the summer this old church has been thoroughly renovated and improved. The walls of the chapel have been retinted, and the whole interior of the church redecored. The large tablets on the walls containing the list of ministers, beginning with Samuel Mather (1649) and ending with the present pastor, have been completed and various other changes made which will add greatly to the convenience. These alterations and improvements are now being made in view of the 250th anniversary of the church, which will be celebrated in April of 1899. It is hoped that before the specified time a bust of Emerson (one of the ministers of the church), and a large memorial window to the founders of

the society, can be added. The Second Church will devote much attention to Sunday school work in the coming year, and the experiment is being tried of having the superintendent with two assistants, paid for the work and thus becoming regular and professional workers for the cause. Miss Kate L. Brown will continue to have charge of the primary department. A branch of the Young People's Religious Union, with Arthur E. Locke as president, will study the series of topics given out by the National Union. Rev. Thomas Van Ness, the minister, has been preaching through the summer at Prospect Harbor, Maine. His opening Sunday at the Second Church was the 27th of this month.

CLEVELAND, O.—The Unity Club work under the leadership of the pastors of Unity Church, the Misses Murdock and Buck, includes this year the study of four nineteenth century dramas, viz.: Tennyson's "Becket," Browning's "Colombe's Birthday," Bulwer's "Richelieu" and Ibsen's "Little Eyolf." These two earnest women start out on the season's work in good health, high spirits and with interesting prospects. The program for these studies is attractive both in form and substance. Clubs tempted in this direction will do well to ask for a copy.

THE FREE CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY of Baraboo resumed services in September and the three services already held with large attendance indicate increased life and interest. The young people have organized a "Coddling Guild," named in memory of the noble founder of the society. The new club has started out with

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON.

An Arctic Boat Journey in the Autumn of 1854. By Isaac I. Hayes. Cloth, illustrated, 387 pages, \$1.50.

A Phrase Book from the Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning. By Marie Ada Molineux. Cloth, gilt top, 520 pages, \$3.00.

G. T. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Studies in Interpretation. By William Henry Hudson. Cloth, 221 pages, \$1.25.

The Tower of the Old Schloss. By Jean Porter Rudd. Cloth, 277 pages, \$1.25.

Columbus, His Life and Voyages. By Washington Irving. Cloth, 412 pages, \$1.50.
A. C. McClurg & Co.

JOHN B. ROBINS, ATLANTA, GA.

The Family. A Necessity of Civilization. By Rev. John B. Robins, A. M., D. D. Cloth, 317 pages, \$1.00.

SWEDENBORG PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, GERMANTOWN, PA.

The Church's One Foundation. By B. F. Barrett. Cloth, 362 pages, 75 cents.

UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING CO., MILWAUKEE.

Five Points in Faith. By Charles D. Stewart. Paper, 93 pages, 25 cents.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK.

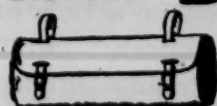
Heaven Every Day or Common Sense Christianity. By Theodore F. Seward. Cloth, 160 pages, 50 cents.

Some Modern Substitutes for Christianity. By George Wolfe Shinn, D. D. Paper, 87 pages, 25 cents.
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the intention of improving the church in every way—materially and spiritually. The first work attempted will be the reflooring of the church. * * * The Sunday school held its annual picnic at Devil's Lake last Saturday. * * * Mr. Douthit will spend a part of each week pursuing special studies in the State University at Madison, and the society is looking forward to a year of growth and prosperity.

PHILADELPHIA.—We have neglected to say our word of welcome to the new minister, and word of congratulation to the members of the Spring Garden Unitarian Church. Frederick A. Hinckley, known and beloved by many of our readers, has taken up the work laid down by Mr. Nichols, and before him by Charles G. Ames. Mr. Hinckley is a man who believes that religion is something to be applied, who in his own life proves that freedom lands not in indifference but in consecration, not in flippancy, but in reverence. THE NEW UNITY extends its hand of fellowship to all parties concerned and recognizes in minister and people co-workers.

THE NORWEGIANS.—Nazareth Church of Minneapolis, a church founded by Christopher Jansen, we believe the first religious society in this country that sought fellowship with the Unitarians, have held a big fair September 25-28, at which they hoped

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to make money. The society is under the lead of Herman Haugerud, a man who deserves and who will win success, though we regret that he must needs expend precious vitality on such questionable industries, but we wish him success, even in the fair business.

JEWISH STUDIES.—The Chautauqua system of literary and scientific circles has been the open door for our Jewish friends and they have organized a department of Jewish studies with Dr. Henry Berkowitz of Philadelphia as chancellor. The circular they have put forth gives full particulars and we do not see why the work they propose is not as available, perhaps as profitable, certainly more needed among non-Jews as among the Jews. We give below their courses of readings for the first and second years, the circular giving full particulars can be had of the executive secretary, Isaac Hassler, P. O. Box 825, Philadelphia, Pa.

BOOKS REQUIRED FOR THE FIRST YEAR'S READING.

Note.—Let the reader take notice that a distinction is made in all Chautauqua courses between required books, which must be read, and recommended books, the reading of which is optional. Members who have little time at their disposal should follow only the required readings. This will be found simple and easy:

1. Outlines of Jewish history (to page 180). By Lady Magnus. School edition, 65 cents.
2. Stories from the Rabbis. By Dr. A. S. Isaacs. 75 cents.
3. The Hammer: Story of the Maccabees. By A. J. Church. \$1.00.

Books Recommended for the First Year's Reading.

Members of the Y. F. R. U. who follow these additional readings for two years, and answer all the questions thereof, will receive a Garnet Seal on the certificate awarded:

1. Review of the History in "Compendium." By Dr. S. Hecht. 25 cents.
2. Home Influence. By Grace Aguilar. \$1.00.
3. Mother's Recompense. By Grace Aguilar. \$1.00.

Books Required for the Second Year's Reading.

1. Outlines of Jewish History (completed). By Lady Magnus. See price above.
2. Readings and Recitations. By Isabel E. Cohen. \$1.00
3. Sir Moses Montefiore. By Lucien Wolf. (Paper cover). 20 cents.
4. Spinoza: (A Biographical Novel). By Berthold Auerbach. \$1.00.

Books Recommended for the Second Year's Reading.

1. The Vale of Cedars. By Grace Aguilar. \$1.00.
2. Review of the History in "Compendium." By Dr. S. Hecht. See price above.
3. Think and Thank. By S. W. Cooper. 50 cents.

II.—BIBLE COURSE.

A two years' course of reading in the Bible has been arranged by Rev. Dr. Henry Berkowitz, chancellor of the Jewish Chautauqua Society, as follows:

For the First Year's Reading.

- (a.) The Open Bible—Helps for the Bible Reader. Part I (covering the entire Bible History). Membership fee, 50 cents.

Books Required for the First Year's Reading.

1. The Hebrew Scriptures (commonly called the Old Testament), in English—Leeser's Bible or Oxford Bible are suggested. Any other Bible may be used. \$1.25.
2. The Bible for Home Reading. By Claude G. Montefiore. \$1.80.
3. The Literary Study of the Bible. By Professor Richard G. Moulton. \$1.80.

Books Recommended for the First Year's Reading.

1. Encyclopedia Britannica. Articles named in Syllabus.

It is not expected that readers will purchase this expensive work; it is referred to on the supposition that it is easily accessible in all parts of the land, and because of the excellence of the articles it contains.

2. Hurlbut & Vincent's Manual of Biblical Geography. \$2.50.
3. Smith's Bible Dictionary. \$1.50.
4. Cruden's Bible Concordance. \$1.00.

For the Second Year's Reading.

- (b.) The Open Bible—Helps for the Bible Reader. Part II. Containing the Biblical Books not treated of in Part I and the Apocryphal Books. In preparation. Membership fee, 50 cents.

III.—COURSES IN POST-BIBLICAL HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF THE JEWS.

These courses are to be continued through the entire range of Jewish history down to the present.

For the First Year (following the two years' Bible Course).

- (a.) Special Course in Jewish History and Literature, comprising the era from Ezra and the return of the Jews from the Babylonian Exile (537 B. C. E.) to the origin of Christianity. Arranged by Professor Richard J. H. Gottheil, of Columbia College, New York. Membership fee, 50 cents.

For the Second Year.

- (b.) Special Course in Jewish History and Literature, on the Origin of Christianity and the Compilation of the Talmud. Arranged by Professor Richard J. H. Gottheil, Columbia College, New York. Membership fee, 50 cents.

These outlines are based on Graetz's famous History of the Jews. Each volume of Graetz contains about six hundred pages, and is sold to Chautauquans from our office at \$2.50 postpaid, being a discount on the regular price of \$3.00 per volume. Since a volume covers about two years' reading, the cost per year will be \$1.25.

The Bible, Apocrypha and New Testament are supposed to be in the hands of every reader, as selections from these are included among the required readings. Other required readings are from articles in the Encyclopedia Britannica. It is not expected that readers will purchase this expensive work; it is referred to on the supposition that it is easily accessible in all parts of the land, and because of the excellence of the articles it contains.

The list of books which is recommended to the reader for reference and more extended information has been made quite comprehensive, with the distinct purpose that if one book cannot, another may, be found in local libraries.

THE AMERICAN HUMANE SOCIETY held its twentieth annual meeting at Cleveland, O., September 22-24. A goodly number of delegates were present, particularly from the branch societies in Ohio and Pennsylvania. President Shortall of Chicago gave the opening address on Tuesday morning the 22d. Rev. S. P. Sprecher gave an address on "The New Status of Animals." Rabbi Moses J. Gries of Cleveland on "Humanity in the Bible." "The Relation of the Pulpit to the Humane Society" was treated by the Rev. H. S. Eldred, and on Wednesday evening Jenkin Lloyd Jones gave the public address in the Methodist Church of the city, entitled "The Story of Wue; A Study of the Dog," thus making four out of the twelve numbers contributions from preachers, not counting the high service of the secretary, Rev. Mr. Rowley of Oak Park. Notwithstanding this the Rev. Mr. Eldred made a scathing arraignment of the clergy for neglect of the humane work in the communities in which they live. There is doubtless justification of the complaint, that the "other world" demands and the

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cause of "my church" and "our denomination" are so absorbing that the right of our poor relations are neglected. In addition to these papers Hon. James M. Brown of Toledo spoke knowingly of the "Unwanted Children" and Dr. Leffingwell of Cambridge continued the altogether sane discussion of the difficult question of vivisection, over which the Humane Society is always exercised and has pursued a policy thus far unsatisfactory to the extremists at both ends. It is committed to a policy of control insisting on the right to inspect and the duty to report such work, but not of suppression.

HELPS TO CRIMINALS.—Minnesota at last has a prison association to lend a hand to discharged convicts. Pity that there are not more of these societies, still greater pity that the state itself does not have more at heart the interest of the convict after he has passed outside the prison gate and in the light of the law is again a man entitled to a chance and worthy of being considered innocent until guilt is again proven.

TROY, N. Y.—Although the Unitarian Church is without a minister, both services will be continued. It is expected that the church services Sunday will alternate between sermons preached by prominent Unitarian ministers from various cities and services conducted by laymen of the Troy society. There is a probability that the church service Sunday will be held in the evening instead of in the morning as heretofore, but that has not yet been definitely decided.

The Angel of Eventide.

Thou who dost cover all the land
In silence with thy soul of rest;
Hushing with soft and tender hand
Dark swaying pine and twittering nest;
From thy fair, placid, saffron skies,
Come gently down with healing flight,
And seal with sleep woe's weary eyes
Throughout the watches of the night!

Thou who, upon thy pinions fair,
Dost bear the sounds of vesper bells
Upon the holy twilight air,
O'er breezy downs and flowery dells;
Amidst the loud-tongued, brazen psalm
And silvery songs that sweetly roll,
Bring thou heaven's healing, perfect calm,
To every stricken, weary soul!

Thou who, upon the quiet graves,
Dost calmly spread thy mantle gray,
Bedew the grass which o'er them waves
When kith and kin are far away.
Kiss those who, in the gloom of death,
Through all night's dreary watches weep;
And whisper with thy healing breath,
"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

Thou who, in far-back Hebrew days,
Didst smile on Bethlehem's harvest gold
When fair Ruth stood, with wistful gaze,
Between the new life and the old,
Deep yearning for the nobler part,
Beneath the holy, sapphire skies;
Smile chastely on each maiden's heart,
And fix on truth her eager eyes!

Thou who, on star-crowned Olivet,
Didst leave Him in the waning light
Reluctant oft, His fair locks wet
With the cold dews of falling night;
Who oft didst light, with kindly sky,
His way to sacred Bethany;
Have pity on the weary's sigh,
And lift each lone one's misery!

Thou who, with mystic, tender charm,
Dost bring all weary ones to rest,—
The folded lambs safe home from harm,
The babe close to its mother's breast,
The swallows to the sheltering eaves,
The lark down to his grassy sod;
Make sweet our dreams which fancy weaves,
And leave us in the love of God!

—Sunday Magazine.



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